

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 185. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE YELLOW FLAG.

By EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX. TOM DURHAM'S FRIEND.

ON the morning after the Reverend Martin Gurwood and Madame Du Tertre had had their game at chess, and held the conversation just recorded, a straggling sunbeam, which had lost its way, turned by accident into Change-alley, and fell straight on to the bald head of a gentleman in the second floor of one of the houses there. This gentleman, who, according to the inscription on the outer door jamb, was Mr. Humphrey Statham, was so astonished at the unexpected solar apparition, that he laid down the bundle of red tape with which he was knotting some papers together, and advancing to the grimy window, rubbed a square inch of dirt off the pane, and bending down, looked up at as much as he could discern of the narrow strip of dun-coloured sky which does duty for the blue empyrean to the inhabitants of Change-alley. The sun but rarely visits Change-alley in summer, and in winter scarcely ever puts in an appearance; the denizens endeavour to compensate themselves for its absence by hanging huge burnished tin reflectors outside their windows, or giving up all attempts at deception and sitting under gaslight from morning till eve. So that what Mr. Statham saw when he looked up was as satisfactory as it was unexpected, and he rubbed his hands together in sheer geniality, as he muttered something about having "decent weather for his trip."

A tall, strongly-built man, and good-looking after his fashion, with a fringe of

dark-brown hair round his bald crown, large regular features, piercing hazel eyes, somewhat overhanging brows, a pleasant mobile mouth, and a crisp brown beard.

Humphrey Statham was a ship-broker, though, from a cursory glance at his office, it would have been difficult to guess what occupation he pursued, furnished as it was in the ordinary business fashion. There was a large leather-covered writing-table, at which he was seated, a standing desk in the window, an old worn, stained leather easy-chair for clients, the usual directories and commercial lists on shelves against the wall, the usual Stationers' Almanack hanging above the mantelpiece, the usual worn carpet and cinder-browened hearth-rug. In the outer office, where the four clerks sat, and where the smaller owners and the captains had to wait Mr. Statham's leisure (large owners and underwriters being granted immediate audience), the walls were covered with printed bills, announcing the dates of departure of certain ships, the approaching sale of others; the high desks were laden with huge ledgers and files of Lloyd's lists; and one of the clerks, who took a deep interest in his business, gave quite a maritime flavour to the place by invariably wearing a particular short pea-jacket and a hard round oilskin hat.

Not much leisure had these clerks; they were, to use their own phrase, "at it" from morning till night, for Mr. Statham's business was a large one, and though all the more important part of it was discharged by himself, there was plenty of letter-writing and agreement copying, ledger-entering, and running backwards and forwards between the office and Lloyd's when the "governor," as they called him, was busy with the underwriters. This year

had been a peculiarly busy one, so busy, that Mr. Statham had been unable to take his usual autumnal holiday, a period of relaxation which he always looked forward to, and which, being fond of athletics, and still in the very prime of life, he usually passed among the Swiss Alps. This autumn he had passed it at Teddington instead of Courmayeur, and had substituted a couple of hours' pull on the river in the evening for his mountain climbing and hairbreadth escapes. But the change had not been sufficient; his head was dazed, he suffered under a great sense of lassitude, and his doctor had ordered him to knock off work, and to start immediately for a clear month's vacation. Where he was to go he had scarcely made up his mind. Of course, Switzerland in November was impossible, and he was debating between the attractions of a month's snipe-shooting in Ireland and the delight of passing his time on board one of the Scilly Islands pilot-boats, roughing it with the men, and thoroughly enjoying the wild life and the dangerous occupation. A grave, plain-mannered man in his business—somewhat over cautious and reserved they thought him at Lloyd's—Humphrey Statham, when away for his holiday, had the high spirits of a boy, and never was so happy as when he had thrown off all the ordinary constraints of conventionality, and was leading a life widely different from that normally led by him, and associating with persons widely different from those with whom he was ordinarily brought into contact. Mr. Statham was, however, in his business just now, and had not thrown off his cautious habits. By his side stood a large iron safe, with one or two of its drawers open, and before him lay a number of letters and papers, which he read through one by one, or curiously glanced at, duly docketed them, made some memorandum regarding them in his note-book, and stowed them away in a drawer in the safe. As he read through some of them, he smiled, at others he glanced with an angry frown or a shoulder shrug of contempt, but there were one or two during the perusal of which the lines in his face seemed to deepen perceptibly, and before he laid them aside he pondered long and deeply over their contents.

"What a queer lot it is!" said Humphrey Statham, wearily, throwing himself back in his chair; "and how astonished people would be if they only knew what a strange mass of human interests these

papers represent! With the exception of Collins, outside there, no one, I suppose, comes into this room who does not imagine that this safe contains nothing but business memoranda, insurances, brokerages, calculations, and commissions; details concerning the Lively Polly of Yarmouth, or the Saucy Sally of Whitstable; or who has the faintest idea that among the business documents there are papers and letters which would form good stock-in-trade for a romance writer! Why on earth do these fellows spin their brains, when for a very small investment of cash they could get people to tell them their own experiences, actual facts and occurrences, infinitely more striking and interesting than the nonsense which they invent? Every man who has seen anything of life must at one time or other have had some strange experience: the man who sells dog-collars and penknives at the corner of the court; the old broken-down hack in the outer office, who was a gentleman once, and now copies letters and runs errands for fifteen shillings a week; and I, the solemn, grave, trusted man of business—I, the cautious and reserved Humphrey Statham—perhaps I, too, have had my experiences which would work into a strange story! A story I may have to tell some day—may have to tell to a man, standing face to face with him, looking straight into his eyes, and showing him how he has been delivered into my hands." And Humphrey Statham crossed his arms before him and let his chin sink upon his breast, as he indulged in a profound reverie.

We will anticipate the story which Mr. Statham imagined that he would some day have to tell under such peculiar circumstances.

Humphrey Statham's father was a merchant and a man of means, living in good style in Russell-square; and, though of a somewhat gloomy temperament and stern demeanour, in his way fond of his son, and determined that the lad should be educated and prepared for the position which he would afterwards have to assume. Humphrey's mother was dead—had died soon after his birth—he had no brothers or sisters; and, as Mr. Statham had never married again, the household was conducted by his sister, a meek, long-suffering maiden lady, to whom hebdomadal attendance at the Foundling Chapel was the one joy in life. It had first been intended that the child should be educated at home; but he seemed so out of place in the big old-fashioned

house, so strange in the company of his grave father or melancholy aunt, that, to prevent his being given over entirely to the servants, whom he liked very much, and with whom he spent most of his time, he was sent at an early age to a preparatory establishment, and then transferred to a grammar school of repute in the neighbourhood of London. He was a daredevil boy, full of fun and mischief, capital at cricket and football, and, though remarkably quick by nature, and undoubtedly possessing plenty of appreciative common sense and savoir faire, yet taking no position in the school, and held in very cheap estimation by his master. The half-yearly reports which, together with the bills for education and extras, were placed inside Master Humphrey's box, on the top of his neatly-packed clothes, and accompanied him home at every vacation from Caneham-bury, did not tend to make Mr. Statham any the less stern, or his manner to his son any more indulgent. The boy knew—he could not help knowing—that his father was wealthy and influential, and he had looked forward to his future without any fear, and, indeed, without very much concern. He thought he should like to go into the army, which meant to wear a handsome uniform and do little or nothing, to be petted by the ladies, of whose charms he had already shown himself perfectly cognisant, and to lead a life of luxury and ease. But Mr. Statham had widely different views. Although he had succeeded to his business, he had vastly improved it since he became its master, and had no idea of surrendering so lucrative a concern to a stranger, or of letting it pass out of the family. As he had worked, so should his son work in his turn; and, accordingly, Master Humphrey on his removal from Caneham-bury was sent to a tutor resident in one of the Rhineland towns, with a view to his instruction in French and German, and to his development from a careless, high-spirited lad into a man of business and of the world.

The German tutor, a dreamy, misty transcendentalist, was eminently unfitted for the charge intrusted to him. He gave the boy certain books, and left him to read them or not, as he chose; he set him certain tasks, but never took the trouble to see how they had been performed, or, indeed, whether they had been touched at all, till he was remarkably astonished after a short time to find his pupil speaking very excellent German, and once or twice

took the trouble to wonder how "Hom-frie," as he called him, could have acquired such a mastery of the language. Had an explanation of the marvel ever been asked of Humphrey himself, he could have explained it very readily. The town selected for his domicile was one of the celebrated art academies of Germany, a place where painters of all kinds flocked from all parts to study under the renowned professors therein resident. A jovial, thriftless, kindly set of Bohemians these painters, in the strict sense of the word, impecunious to a degree, now working from morn till eve for days together, now not touching pencil or maulstick for weeks, living in a perpetual fog of tobacco, and spending their nights in beer-drinking and song-singing, in cheap epicureanism and noisy philosophical discussions. To this society of careless convives Humphrey Statham obtained a ready introduction, and amongst them soon established himself as a prime favourite. The bright face and interminable spirits of "Gesellschaft's Engländer," as he was called (Gesellschaft was the name of his tutor) made him welcome everywhere. He passed his days in lounging from studio to studio, smoking pipes and exchanging jokes with their denizens, occasionally standing for a model for his hosts, now with bare neck and arms appearing as a Roman gladiator, now with casque and morion, as a young Flemish burgher of Van Artevelde's guard, always ready, always obliging, roaring at his own linguistic mistakes, but never failing to correct them, while at night at the painters' club, the Malkasten, or the less aristocratic Kneipe, his voice was the cheeriest in the chorus, his wit the readiest in suggesting tableaux vivants, or in improvising practical jokes.

A pleasant life truly, but not, perhaps, a particularly reputable one. Certainly not one calculated for the formation of a City man of business, according to Mr. Statham's interpretation of the term. When at the age of twenty the young man tore himself away from his Bohemian comrades, who kissed him fervently, and wept beery tears at his departure, and, in obedience to his father's commands, returned to England and to respectability, to take up his position in the paternal counting-house, Mr. Statham was considerably more astonished than gratified at the manner in which his son's time had been passed, and at its too evident results. About Humphrey there was nothing which could be called slang in the English sense of the term, certainly

nothing vulgar, but there was a reckless abandon, a defiance of set propriety, a superb scorn for the respectable conventionality regulating the movements and the very thoughts of the circle in which Mr. Statham moved, which that worthy gentleman observed with horror, and which he considered almost as loathsome as vice itself. Previous to his presentation to the establishment over which he was to rule, Humphrey's long locks were clipped away, his light downy beard shaved off, his fantastic garments exchanged for sad-coloured, soberly cut clothes, and when this transformation had been accomplished, the young man was taken into the City and placed into the hands of Mr. Morrison, the chief clerk, who was enjoined to give a strict account of his business qualifications. Mr. Morrison's report did not tend to dissipate the disappointment which had fallen like a blow on the old man's mind. Humphrey could talk German as glibly, and with as good an accent, as any Rhinelander from Manheim to Dusseldorf, he had picked up a vast amount of conversational French from the French artists who had formed part of his jolly society, and had command of an amount of argot which would have astonished Monsieur Philarette Chasles himself; but he had never been in the habit of either reading or writing anything but the smallest scraps of notes, and when Mr. Morrison placed before him a four-sided letter from their agent at Hamburg, couched in commercial German phraseology, and requested him to re-translate and answer it, Humphrey's expressive face looked so woe-begone, and he boggled so perceptibly over the manuscript, that one of the junior clerks saw the state of affairs at a glance, and confidentially informed his neighbour at the next desk that "young S. was up a tree."

It was impossible to hide these shortcomings from Mr. Statham, who was anxiously awaiting Mr. Morrison's report, and after reading it, and assuring himself of its correctness by a personal examination of his son, his manner, which ever since Humphrey's return had been frigid and reserved, grew harsh and stern. He took an early opportunity of calling Humphrey into his private room, and of informing him that he would have one month's probation, and that if he did not signally improve by the end of that time he would be removed from the office, as his father did not choose to have one of his name the laughing-stock of those employed by him. The young

man winced under this speech, which he received in silence, but in five minutes after leaving his father's presence his mind was made up. He would go through the month's probation, since it was expected of him, but he would not make the smallest attempt to improve himself, and he would leave his future to chance. Punctually, on the very day that the month expired, Mr. Statham again sent for his son; told him he had discovered no more interest in, or inclination for, the business than he had shown on his first day of joining the house, and that in consequence he must give up all idea of becoming a partner, or, indeed, of having anything further to do with the establishment. An allowance of two hundred pounds a year would be paid to him during his father's lifetime, and would be bequeathed to him in his father's will; he must never expect to receive anything else, and Mr. Statham broadly hinted, in conclusion, that it would be far more agreeable to him if his son would take up his residence anywhere than in Russell-square, and that he should feel particularly relieved if he never saw him again.

This arrangement suited Humphrey Statham admirably. Two hundred a year to a very young man, who has never had any command of money, is an important sum. He left the counting-house, and whatever respect and regard he may have felt for his father had been obliterated by the invariable sternness and opposition with which all his advances had been received. Two hundred a year! He would be off back at once to Rhineland, where, among the painters, he could live like a prince with such an income, and he went—and in six months came back again. The thing was changed somehow, it was not as it used to be. There were the same men, indeed, living the same kind of life, equally glad to welcome their English comrade, and to give him the run of their studios and their clubs and knepes, but after a time this kind of life seemed very flat and vapid to Humphrey Statham. The truth is, that during his six weeks' office experience he had seen something of London, and on reflection he made up his mind that after all it was perhaps a mere amusing place than any of the Rhineland towns. On his return to London he took a neat lodging, and for four or five years led a purposeless, idle life, such a life as is led by hundreds of young men who are hardened with that curse, a bare sufficiency scarcely enough to

keep them, more than enough to prevent them from seeking employment, and to dull any aspirations which they may possess. It was during this period of his life that Humphrey made the acquaintance of Tom Durham, whose gaiety, recklessness, and charm of manner, fascinated him at once, and he himself took a liking to the frank, generous, high-spirited young man. Tom Durham's knowledge of the world made him conscious that, though indolent, and to a certain extent dissipated, Humphrey Statham was by no means depraved, and to his friend Mr. Durham therefore exhibited only the best side of his nature. He was engaged in some wild speculations just at that time, and it was while careering over the country with Tom Durham in search of a capitalist to float some marvellous invention of that fertile genius, that Humphrey Statham met with an adventure which completely altered the current of his life.

They were making Leeds their headquarters, but Tom Durham had gone over to Batley for a day or two, to see the owner of a shoddy mill, who was reported to be both rich and speculative, and Humphrey was left alone. He was strolling about in the evening, thinking what a horrible place Leeds was, and what a large sum of money a man ought to be paid for living in it, when he was overtaken and passed by a girl, walking rapidly in the direction of Headingley. The glimpse he caught of her face showed him that it was more than ordinarily beautiful, and Humphrey quickened his lazy pace, and followed the girl until he saw her safely housed in a small neat dwelling. The next day he made inquiries about this girl, the transient glance of whose face had made such an impression upon him, and found that her name was Emily Mitchell, that her father, now dead, had been a booking-clerk in one of the large factories, that she was employed in a draper's shop, and that she lived with her uncle and aunt in the small house to which Humphrey had tracked her. Humphrey Statham speedily made Miss Mitchell's acquaintance, found her more beautiful than he had imagined, and as fascinating as she was lovely, fascinating, not in the ordinary sense of the word, not by coquetry or blandishment, but by innate refinement, grace, and innocence. After seeing her and talking with her a few times, Humphrey could no longer control his feelings, and finding that he was not indifferent to Emily—his good looks, his

frank nature, and his easy bearing, well qualified him to find favour in the eyes of such a girl—he spoke out plainly to her uncle, and told him how matters stood. He was in love with Emily, he said, and most anxious to marry, but his income was but two hundred a year, not sufficient to maintain her, even in the quiet way both he and she desired they should live; but he was young, and though he had been idle, now that he had an incentive to work he would show what he could do. It was possible that, seeing the difference in him, his father might be inclined to relent, and put something in his way, or some of his father's friends might give him employment. He would go to London and seek for it at once, and so soon as he saw his way to earning two hundred a year in addition to his annuity, he would return and claim Emily for his wife.

In this view the uncle, a practical old north-countryman, coincided; the young people could not marry upon the income which Mr. Humphrey possessed, they had plenty of life before them, and when the young man came back and proved that he had carried out his promise, no obstacle should be made by Emily's friends.

Humphrey Statham returned to London and wrote at once to his father, telling him that he had seen the errors of his youth, and was prepared to apply himself to any sort of business which his father could place in his way. In reply he received a curt note from Mr. Statham, stating that the writer did not know of any position which Humphrey could competently fulfil, reminding him of the agreement between them, and hinting dislike at the reopening of any correspondence or communication. Foiled at this point, Humphrey Statham secretly took the advice of old Mr. Morrison, the chief clerk in his father's office, as kindly as well as a conscientious man, who had endeavoured to soften the young man's lot during the few weeks he had passed in the dull counting-house, and at his recommendation Humphrey established himself as a ship-broker, and for two years toiled on from morning till night, doing a small and not very remunerative business, but proving to such as employed him that he possessed industry, energy, and tact. During this period he ran down to Leeds, at four distinct intervals, to pass a couple of days with Emily, whose uncle had died, and who remained in the house of her helpless bed-ridden aunt. At the end of this time Mr. Statham died, leaving in his will a

sum of ten thousand pounds to his son, "as a recognition of his attempt to gain a livelihood for himself," and bequeathing the rest of his fortune to various charities.

So at last Humphrey Statham saw his way to bringing Emily home in triumph as his wife, and with this object he started for Leeds, immediately after his father's funeral. He had written to her to announce his arrival, and was surprised not to find her awaiting him on the platform. Then he jumped into a cab, and hurried out to Headingley. On his arrival at the little house, the stupid girl who attended on the bedridden old woman seemed astonished at seeing him, and answered his inquiries after Emily inconsequently, and with manifest terror. With a sudden sinking of the heart Humphrey made his way to the old lady's bedside, and from her quivering lips learned that Emily had disappeared.

Yes! Emily had fled from her home, so said her aunt, and so said the few neighbours who, roused at the sight of a cab, had come crowding into the cottage. About a week ago, they told him, she had gone out in the morning to her work as usual, and had never returned. She left no letter of explanation, and no trace of her flight had been discovered; there was no slur upon her character, and, so far as their knowledge went, she had made no strange acquaintance. She received a number of letters, which she had always said were from Mr. Statham. What did he come down there for speering after Emily, when, of all persons in the world, he was the likeliest to tell them where she had been?

Humphrey Statham fell back like a man stunned by a heavy blow. He had come down there to carry out the wish of his life; to tell the woman whom, in the inmost depths of his big manly heart he worshipped, that the hope of his life was at last accomplished, and that he was at length enabled to take her away, to give her a good position, and to devote the remainder of his existence to her service. She was not there to hear his triumphant avowal—she had fled, no one knew where, and he saw plainly enough that, not merely was all sympathy withheld from him, but that he was suspected by the neighbours to have been privy to, and probably the accomplice of, her flight, and that his arrival there a few days afterwards with the apparent view of making inquiries was merely an attempt to hoodwink them, and to divert the search which might possibly be made after her into another direction.

Under such circumstances, an ordinary

man would have fallen into a fury, and burst out into wild lamentation or passionate invective, but Humphrey Statham was not an ordinary man. He knew himself guiltless of the crime of which, by Emily's friends and neighbours, he was evidently suspected, but he also knew that the mere fact of her elopement, or at all events of her quitting her home without consulting him on the subject, showed that she had no love for him, and that, therefore, he had no right to interfere with her actions. He told the neighbours this in hard, measured accents, with stony eyes and colourless cheeks. But when he saw that even then they disbelieved him, that even then they thought he knew more of Emily Mitchell's whereabouts than he cared to say, he instructed the local authorities to make such inquiries as lay in their power, and offered a reward for Emily Mitchell's discovery to the police. He returned to London on an altered man; his one hope in life had been rudely extinguished, and there was nothing now left for him to care for. He had a competency, but it was valueless to him now; the only one way left to him of temporarily putting aside his great grief was by plunging into work, and busying his mind with those commercial details which at one time he had so fervently abhorred, and now, when it was no longer a necessity for him, business came to him galore, his name and fame were established in the great City community, and no man in his position was more respected, or had a larger number of clients.

"Too late comes this apple to me," muttered Humphrey Statham, quoting Owen Meredith, as he shook himself out of the reverie into which he had fallen. "Nearly four years ago since I paid my last visit to Leeds; more than three since, as a last resource, I consulted the Scotland-yard people, and instructed them to do their best in elucidating the mystery. The Scotland-yard people are humbugs; I have never heard of them since, and shall never hear of Emily again. Good God! how I loved her; how I love her still! Was it that she stands out in my memory as my first and only real love, lit up perhaps by boyish fancy—the same fancy that makes me imagine that my old bare cock-loft in the Adelphi was better than my present comfortable rooms in Sackville-street. Dans un grenier qu'on est bien a vingt ans. No, she was more than that. She was the only woman that ever inspired me with anything like real affection, and I

worship her—her memory I suppose I must call it now—as I worshipped her own sweet self an hour before I learned of her flight. There, there is an end of that. Now let me finish up this lot, and leave all in decent order, so that if I end my career in a snipe bog, or one of the Tresco pilot-boats goes down while I am on board of her, old Collins may have no difficulty in disposing of the contents of the safe.”

Out of the mass of papers which had originally been lying before him, only two were left. He took up one of them and read the indorsement: “T. Durham—to be delivered to him or his written order (Akhbar K).” This paper he threw into the second drawer of the safe; then he took up the last, inscribed, “Copy of instructions to Tatlow in regard to E. M.”

“Instructions to Tatlow, indeed,” said Humphrey Statham, with curling lip; “it is more than three years since those instructions were given, but hitherto they have borne no fruit. I have half a mind to destroy them; it is scarcely possible—”

His reflections were interrupted by a knock at the door. Bidden to come in, Mr. Collins, the confidential clerk, put in his head, and murmured, “Mr. Tatlow, from Scotland-yard.”

“In the very nick of time,” said Humphrey Statham, with a half-smile. “Send Mr. Tatlow in at once.”

STAGE WIGS.

WIGS have claims to be considered amongst the most essential appliances of the actors: means at once of their disguise and their decoration. Without false hair the fictions of the stage could scarcely be set forth. How could the old look young, or the young look old, how could scanty locks be augmented, or baldness concealed, if the coiffeur did not lend his aid to the costumier? Nay, oftentimes calvity has to be simulated, and fictitious foreheads of canvas assumed. Hence the quaint advertisements of the theatrical hairdresser in professional organs, that he is prepared to vend “old men’s bald pates” at a remarkably cheap rate. King Lear has been known to appear without his beard—indeed Mr. Garrick, as his portraits reveal, played the part with a clean-shaven face, wearing ruffles, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and diamond buckies, in strange contrast with his flowing robe of ermine-trimmed velvet; but could the ghost of Hamlet’s father ever have defied the poet’s por-

traiture of him, and walked the platform of Elsinore Castle without a “sable-silvered” chin? Has an audience ever viewed tolerantly a bald Romeo, or a Juliet grown grey in learning how to impersonate that heroine to perfection? It is clear that at a very early date the players must have acquired the simple arts of altering and amending their personal appearance in these respects.

The accounts still extant of the revels at court during the reigns of Elizabeth and James contain many charges for wigs and beards. Thus a certain John Ogle is paid “for four yeallowe heares for head attires for women, twenty-six shillings and eightpence;” and “for a pound of heare twelvecence.” Probably the auburn tresses of Elizabeth had made blonde wigs fashionable. John Owgle, who is no doubt the same trader, receives thirteen shillings and fourpence for “eight long white berds at twenty pence the peece.” He has charges also on account of “a black fyzician’s berde,” “berds white and black,” “heares for palmers,” “berds for fyshers,” &c. It would seem, however, that these adornments were really made of silk. There is an entry: “John Ogle for curling of heare made of black silk for Discord’s heade (being sixty ounces), price of his woorkmanship thereon only is seven shillings and eightpence.” And mention is made of a delivery to Mrs. Swegoo the silkwoman, of “Spanish silke of sundry cullers weighing four ounces and three quarters, at two shillings and sixpence the ounce, to garnishe nine heads and nine skarfes for the nine muzes; heads of heare drest and trimmed at twenty-three shillings and fourpence the peece, in all nine, ten pounds ten shillings.”

The diary or account-book of Philip Henslowe, the manager, supplies much information concerning the usual appointments of a theatre prior to the year 1600. In his inventory of dresses and properties, bearing date 1598, is included a record of “six head tiers,” or attires. An early and entertaining account of the contents of a theatrical “tiring room” is to be found in Richard Brome’s comedy, the *Antipodes*, first published in 1640. Bye-play says of Peregrine, the leading comic character:

He has got into our tiring house amongst us,
And ta’en a strict survey of all our properties,
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
Our helmets, shields, and vizors, hairs and beards.

With the Restoration wigs came into

general wear, and gradually the beards and moustaches which had literally flourished so remarkably from the time of Elizabeth were yielded to the razor. At this period theatrical costume was simply regulated by the prevailing fashions, and made no pretensions to historical truth or antiquarian correctness. The actors appeared upon all occasions in the enormous perukes that were introduced in the reign of Charles the Second, and continued in vogue until 1720. The flowing flaxen wigs assumed by Booth, Wilks, Cibber, and others, were said to cost some forty guineas each. "Till within these twenty-five years," writes Tom Davies in 1784, "our Tamerlanes and Catos had as much hair on their heads as our judges on the bench." Cibber narrates how he sold a superb fair full-bottomed periwig he had worn in 1695 in his first play, the Fool in Fashion, to Colonel Brett, so that the officer might appear to advantage in his wooing of the Countess of Macclesfield, the lady whom the poet Savage claimed on unsatisfactory evidence as his mother.

But if the heroes of the theatre delighted in long flaxen hair, it was always held necessary that the stage villains should appear in jet-black periwigs. For many years this continued to be an established law of the drama. "What is the meaning," demanded Charles the Second, "that we never see a rogue in the play, but, odds-fish! they always clap him on a black periwig, when it is well known one of the greatest rogues in England always wears a fair one?" The king was understood to refer to Titus Oates. But this custom was of long life. Davies describes "certain actors who were cast into the parts of conspirators, traitors, and murderers, who used to disguise themselves in large black wigs, and to distort their features in order to appear terrible. I have seen," he adds, "Hippesley act the first murderer in Macbeth; his face was made pale with chalk, distinguished with large whiskers and a long black wig." "Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces and begin," says Hamlet to Lucianus, the poisoner; so that even in Shakespeare's time grimness of aspect on the part of the stage villain may have been thought indispensable. Churchill's friend, Lloyd, in his admirable poem, the Actor, published in 1762, writes on this head:

To suit the dress demands the actor's art,
Yet there are those who over-dress the part:
To some prescriptive right gives settled things—
Black wigs to murderers, feathered hats to kings.

Quin appeared upon the stage almost invariably in a profuse full-bottomed periwig.

Garrick brought into fashion a wig of much smaller size, worn low on the forehead, with five crisp curls on either side, and known generally as the "Garrick cut." But the great actor occasionally varied the mode of his peruke. The portraits by Wood, Sherwin, and Dance exhibit him in three different forms of wigs. As Hotspur, he wore "a laced frock and Ramilies wig." This costume was objected to, not as being anachronistic, but as "too insignificant for the character." When John Kemble first played Hamlet he appeared in a black velvet court suit, with laced ruffles and powdered hair, if not a periwig. It is to be noted, however, that there was nothing in this system of dress to shock the spectators of the time. Powdered wigs were the vogue, and it was not considered strange that the actor should be attired similarly to the audience. Some ventures had been made in the direction of correctness of costume, but they had been regarded as rather dangerous innovations. Garrick candidly confessed himself timid about the matter. Benjamin West once inquired of the actor why he did not reform the costume of the stage. "The audience would not stand it," said Garrick; "they would throw a bottle at my head if I attempted any alteration." The truth was, perhaps, that Garrick had won his triumphs under the old system, and was disinclined, therefore, to risk any change.

Actors have often been zealous treasure-hunters of theatrical properties and appliances, and some have formed very curious collections of stage wigs. Munden, who was most heedful as to his appearance in the theatre, always provided his own costume, wearing nothing that belonged to the wardrobe of the manager, and giving large sums for any dress that suited his fancy. His wigs were said to be of great antiquity and value; they were in the care of, and daily inspected by, a hairdresser attached to the theatre. Edwin's biographer records that that actor's "wiggery cost him more than a hundred pounds, and he could boast of having perukes in his collection which had decorated the heads of monarchs, judges, aldermen, philosophers, sailors, jockeys, beaux, thieves, tailors, tinkers, and haberdashers." Snett, also a great wig-collector, is reputed to have assumed on the stage, in the burlesque of Tom Thumb, a large black peruke with flowing curls, that had once been the property of King Charles the Second. He had purchased this curious relic at the sale of the effects of a Mr. Rawle, accoutrement-

maker to George the Third. When the wig was submitted for sale, Suett took possession of it, and, putting it on his head, began to bid for it with a gravity that the bystanders found to be irresistibly comical. It was at once declared that the wig should become the actor's property upon his own terms, and it was forthwith knocked down to him by the auctioneer. The wig appeared upon the stage during many years, until at last it was destroyed, with much other valuable property, in the fire which burnt to the ground the Birmingham Theatre. Suett's grief was extreme. "My wig's gone!" he would say, mournfully, to every one he met for some time after the fire. Suett, Mathews, and Knight were at one time reputed to possess the most valuable stock of wigs in the profession. Knight's collection was valued, after his death, at two hundred and fifty pounds.

The stage wig is sometimes liable to unfortunate accidents. In the turbulent scenes of tragedy, when the catastrophe is reached, and the hero, mortally stricken, falls upon the stage heavily and rigidly, in accordance with the ruling of immemorial tradition, the wig is apt to become unseated, like an unskilful rider upon a restive steed. Many a defunct Romeo has been constrained to return to life for a moment in order that he might entreat Juliet, in a whisper, just as her own suicide is imminent, to contrive, if possible, a re-adjustment of his wig, which, in the throes of his demise, had parted from his head, or, at least, to fling her veil over him, and so conceal his mischance from public observation. To Mr. Bensley, the tragedian, so much admired by Charles Lamb, and so little by any other critic, a curious accident is said to have happened. He was playing Richard the Third in an Irish theatre; the curtain had risen, and he was advancing to the footlights to deliver his opening soliloquy, when an unlucky nail in the side-wing caught a curl of his full-flowing majestic wig, and dragged it from his head. He was a pedantic, solemn actor, with a sepulchral voice, and a stiff stalking gait. Anthony Pasquin has recorded a derisive description of his histrionic method:

With three minuet steps in all parts he advances,
Then retires three more, strokes his chin, prates and
prances,
With a port as majestic as Astley's horse dances.

Should we judge of this man by his visage and note,
We'd imagine a rookery built in his throat,
Whose caws were innixed with his vocal recitals,
While others stole downwards and fed on his vitals.

Still there can be no doubt that he played

with extreme conscientiousness, and was fully impressed with a sense of his professional responsibilities. The loss of his wig must have occasioned him acute distress. For a moment he hesitated. What was he to do? Should he forget that he was Richard? Should he remember that he was only Mr. Bensley? He resolved to ignore the accident, to abandon his wig. Shorn of his locks, he delivered his speech in his most impressive manner. Of course he had to endure many interruptions. An Irish audience is rarely forbearing—has a very quick perception of the ludicrous. The jeering and ironic cheering that arose must have gravely tried the tragedian. "Mr. Bensley, darling, put on your jasey!" cried the gallery. "Bad luck to your politics! Will you suffer a Whig to be hung?" But the actor did not flinch. His exit was as dignified and commanding as had been his entrance. He did not even condescend to notice his wig as he passed it, depending from its nail like a scarecrow. One of the attendants of the stage was sent on to remove it, the duty being accomplished amidst the most boisterous laughter and applause of the whole house.

Mr. Bernard, in his *Retrospections of the Stage*, makes humorous mention of a provincial manager of the last century who was always referred to as "Pentland and his wig," from his persistent adherence to an ancient peruke, which, as he declared, had once belonged to Colley Cibber. The wig was of the pattern worn on state occasions by the Lord Chief Justice of England, a structure of horse-hair, that descended to the shoulders in dense lappels. Pentland, who had been fifty years a manager, was much bent with infirmity, and afflicted with gout in all his members, still was wont to appear as the juvenile heroes of the drama. But in his every part, whether Hamlet or Don Felix, Othello or Lord Townley, he invariably assumed this formidable wig. Altogether his aspect and performance must have been of an extraordinary kind. He played Plume, the lively hero of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, dressed in an old suit of regimentals, and wearing above his famous wig a prodigious cocked hat. The rising of the curtain discovered him seated in an easy chair, with his lower limbs swathed in flannels. He was, indeed, unable to walk, or even to stand, and throughout the performance had to be wheeled on and off the stage. Surely light comedy was never seen under such disadvantageous conditions. He endea-

voured to compensate for his want of locomotive power by taking snuff with great frequency, and waving energetically in the air a large and soiled pocket-handkerchief. This Pentland, indeed, appears to have been a curious example of the strolling manager of the old school. His company consisted but of some half-dozen performers, including himself, his wife, and his daughter. He journeyed from town to town on a donkey, the faithful companion of all his wanderings, with his gouty legs resting upon the panniers, into which were packed the wardrobe and scenic embellishments of his theatre. On these occasions he always wore his best light comedy suit of brown and gold, his inevitable wig, and a little three-cornered hat cocked on one side, "giving the septuagenarian an air of gaiety that well accorded with his known attachment to the rakes and heroes of the drama; one hand was knuckled in his side—his favourite position—and the other raised a pinch of snuff to his nose; and as he passed along he nodded and bowed to all about him, and seemed greatly pleased with the attention he excited." His company followed the manager on foot. Yet for many years Mr. Pentland was the sole purveyor of theatrical entertainments to several English counties, and did not shrink from presenting to his audiences the most important works in the dramatic repertory.

It is odd to find a stage wig invested with political significance, viewed almost as a cabinet question, considered as a possible provocation of hostilities between two great nations; yet something of this kind happened some forty years ago. Mr. Bunn, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, had adapted to the English stage *Monsieur Scribe's* capital comedy of *Bertrand et Raton*. The scene of the play, it may be stated, is laid at Copenhagen, and the subject relates to the intrigues that preceded the fall of Struensee in 1772. The adaptation was duly submitted to George Colman, the examiner of plays, and was by him forwarded to the Earl of Belfast, then Lord Chamberlain, with an observation that the work contained nothing of a kind that was inadmissible upon the English stage.

Suddenly a rumour was born, and rapidly attained growth and strength, to the purport that the leading character of Count Bertrand was designed to be a portraiture of Talleyrand, at that time the French ambassador at the court of St. James's.

Some hesitation arose as to licensing the play, and on the 17th of January, 1834, the authorities decided to prohibit its representation. Mr. Bunn sought an interview with the chamberlain, urging a reversal of the judgment, and undertaking to make any retrenchments and modifications of the work that might be thought expedient. The manager could only obtain a promise that the matter should be further considered. Already the stage had been a source of trouble to the political and diplomatic world. It was understood that the Swedish ambassador had abruptly withdrawn from the court of the Tuileries in consequence of the production in Paris of a vaudeville called *Le Camarade au Lit*, reflecting, so many held, upon the early life of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. That nothing of this kind should happen in London the chamberlain was fully determined. He read the comedy most carefully and, having marked several passages as objectionable, forwarded it to the examiner, from whom, in due course, Mr. Bunn received the following characteristic note:

January 20th, 1834.

MY DEAR B.—With all we have to do, I don't see how I can return the manuscript with alterations before to-morrow. Pray dine with me to-day at half-past five—but come at four. We shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the mutton.

Yours most truly,
G. C.

Both these "cuttings" were successfully accomplished, and on the 25th of January the comedy was officially licensed. Still the authorities were uneasy. A suspicion prevailed that Mr. Farren, who was to sustain the part of Bertrand, meditated dressing and "making up" after the manner of Talleyrand. Sir Thomas Mash, the comptroller of the chamberlain's office, made direct inquiries in this respect. The manager supplied a sketch of the costume to be worn by the actor. "I knew it was to be submitted to the king," writes Mr. Bunn, and he looked forward to the result with anxious curiosity. On the 7th of February came an answer from Sir Thomas Mash. "I have the pleasure to return your drawing without a syllable of objection." On the 8th, *Bertrand et Raton*, under the name of the Minister and the Mercer, was first produced on the English stage.

The success of the performance was un-

questionable, but the alarms of the authorities were not over. Many of the players took upon themselves to restore passages in the comedy which had been effaced by the examiner; and, worse than this, Mr. Farren's appearance did not correspond with the drawing sent to the chamberlain's office. His wig was especially objectionable; it was an exact copy of the silvery silken tresses of Talleyrand, which had acquired a European celebrity. It was plain that the actor had "made up" after the portrait of the statesman in the well-known engravings of the Congress of Vienna. Mr. Bunn had again to meet the angry expostulations of the chamberlain. On the 14th of February he wrote to Lord Belfast: "The passages bearing reference to the Queen Matilda in conjunction with Struensee having been entirely omitted, will, I trust, be satisfactory to your lordship. Until the evening of performance I was not aware what style of wig Mr. Farren meant to adopt, such matters being entirely at the discretion of performers of his standard. I have since mentioned to him the objections which have been pointed out to me, but he has sent me word that he cannot consent so to mutilate his appearance, adding that it is a wig he wore two years ago in a comedy called *Lords and Commons*." If this was true there can be little doubt that the wig had been dressed anew and curling-ironed into a Talleyrand form that had not originally pertained to it. Meantime King William the Fourth had stirred in the matter, despatching his chamberlain to the Lords Grey and Palmerston. "They, said to be extremely irate, instantly attended the performance. In the box exactly opposite to the one they occupied, sat, however, the gentleman himself, l'homme véritable, His Excellency Prince Talleyrand, in propria personâ, and he laughed so heartily at the play, without once exhibiting any signs of annoyance at the appearance of his supposed prototype, that the whole affair wore a most absurd aspect, and thus terminated a singular specimen of 'great cry and little wool.'"

A stage wig has hardly since this risen to the importance of a state affair. Yet the chamberlain has sometimes interfered to stay any direct stage-portraiture of eminent characters. Thus Mr. Buckstone has been prohibited from appearing "made-up" as Lord John Russell, and Mr. A. Wigan, when performing the part of a French naval officer some five-and-twenty

years ago, was directed by the authorities to reform his aspect, which too much resembled, it was alleged, the portraits of the Prince de Joinville. The actor effected a change in this instance which did not much mend the matter. It was understood at the time indeed that he had simply made his costume more correct, and otherwise had rather heightened than diminished his resemblance to the son of Louis Philippe. Other stage wig questions have been of minor import—relating chiefly to the appropriateness of the coiffures of Hamlet and others. Should the prince wear flaxen tresses or a "Brutus"? Should the Moor of Venice appear in a negro's close woolly curls, or are flowing locks permissible to him? These inquiries have a good deal exercised the histrionic profession from time to time. And there have been doubts about hair-powder and its compatibility with tragic purposes. Mademoiselle Mars, the famous French actress, decided upon defying accuracy of costume, and declined to wear a powdered wig in a serious part. Her example was followed by Rachel, Ristori, and others. When Auber's *Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué*, was in rehearsal, the singers complained of the difficulty they experienced in expressing passionate sentiments in the powdered wigs and stately dress of the time of Louis the Fifteenth. In the masquerade they were therefore permitted to assume such costumes as seemed to them suited to the violent catastrophe of the story. They argued that "*le moindre geste violent peut exciter le rire en provoquant l'explosion d'un nuage blanc; les artistes sont donc contraints de se tenir dans une réserve et dans une immobilité qui jettent du froid sur toutes les situations.*" It is true that Garrick and his contemporaries wore hair-powder, and that in their hands the drama certainly did not lack vehemently emotional displays. But then the spectators were in like case; and "*explosions d'un nuage blanc*" were probably of too common occurrence to excite derision or even attention.

Wigs are still matters of vital interest to the actors, and it is to be noted that the theatrical hairdressers have of late years devoted much study to this branch of their industry. The light comedian still indulges sometimes in curls of an unnatural flaxen, and the comic countryman is too often allowed to wear locks of a quite impossible crimson colour. Indeed, the head-dresses that seem only contrived to move the laughter of the gallery, yet remain in

an unsatisfactory condition. But in what are known as "character wigs" there has been marked amendment. The fictitious forehead is now often very artfully joined on to the real brow of the performer without those distressing discrepancies of hue and texture which at one time were so very apparent, disturbing credibility and destroying illusion. And the decline of hair in colour and quantity has often been imitated in the theatre with very happy ingenuity. Heads in an iron grey or partially bald state—varying from the first slight thinning of the locks to the time when they come to be combed over with a kind of "cat's cradle" or trellis-work look, to veil absolute calvity—are now represented by the actors with a completeness of a most artistic kind. With the ladies of the theatre blond wigs are now almost to be regarded as necessities of histrionic life. This may be only a transient fashion, although it seems to have obtained very enduring vitality. Doctor Véron, writing of his experiences as manager of the Paris Opera House forty years ago, affirms: "Il y a des beautés de jour et des beautés du soir; un peau brune, jaune ou noir, devient blanche à l'éclat de la lumière; les cheveux noirs réussissent mieux aussi au théâtre que les cheveux blonds." But the times have changed; the arts of the theatrical toilet have no doubt advanced greatly. On the stage now all complexions are brilliant, and light tresses are pronounced to be more admirable than dark. Yet Doctor Véron was not without skill and learning on these curious matters. He discourses learnedly in regard to the cosmetics of the theatre; paint and powder, Indian ink and carmine, and the chemical preparations necessary for the due fabrication of eyebrows and lashes, for making the eyes look larger than life, for colouring the cheeks and lips, and whitening the nose and forehead. And especially the manager took pride in the capillary artifices of his establishment, and employed an "artist in hair," who took almost arrogant views of his professional acquirements. "My claim to the grateful remembrance of posterity," this superb coiffeur was wont to observe, "will consist in the fact that I made the wig in which Monsieur Talma performed his great part of Sylla." But the triumphs of the scene are necessarily short-lived; they exist only in the recollection of actual spectators, and these gradually dwindle and depart as Time goes and Death comes. The wig-maker's fame had but insecure anchorage. Talma has

been dead nearly half a century. Does any living being bear in mind the kind of wig he wore as Sylla?

A SUMMER ANTHEM.

A LILY floating down the stream, and borne by silver tide away,
A gold mote flecked across the leaves of beech-trees on a summer day;
The dew within the rose's breast, the bloom dust on the clusters rare,
Of purple grapes; all these are sweet, all these are beautiful and fair.
The pearl and amethyst upon the gemmed wings of the butterfly,
The birch-trees quivering in the breeze, low rustling to the south wind's sigh,
The bumble on the brown-robed bee, the scarlet on the robin's breast;
All these of Nature's cunning works are mid the brightest and the best.
The amber of the cowslip's bell, the grandeur of the Alpine snows,
The gorgeous splendour of the palm, the softer beauty of the rose;
Are not these all alike from Him, who knoweth when the sparrows fall,
Who on the unjust, and the just, causeth alike his rain to fall?
Ah yes! There are no trifles, none, in all the range of God's great store;
His hand the modest daisy shows; the glowing tropics can no more;
Nothing so humble but it shares the nurture of God's dew and sun,
In His all-tender, loving sight, there are no trifles—no, not one!

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

MARYLEBONE (CONCLUDED).

MARYLEBONE is situated in the hundred of Ossulton, the second title of the Earls of Tankerville, who are descended from Sir John Bennet, a faithful follower of Charles the Second, who was knighted at his coronation. The parish derives its name from the bourne, or brook, on which it is situated, the Ty-bourne, which flows from Hampstead into the Thames. In the reign of Edward the First, Tybourne was a village with a church of its own, but in the reign of Henry the Eighth is mentioned as Mary-bourne in government records.

The Tybourne, now no longer a shining brook bordered by flowers, but a black and buried sewer, flows from the south of Hampstead, and, passing through the Park, crosses the New-road at Allsop's-buildings and Oxford-street, and the corner of Stratford-place, Piccadilly, at the lowest part, and passing down the Green Park below the Basin, continues through Buckingham-gate to Charlotte-street, Pimlico, finally crosses the Vauxhall-road, and discharges

itself into the Thames, at a place formerly called King's Scholar Pond, a little above Vauxhall Bridge.

In 1772, north of Portland Chapel, there were only green fields on either side. The highway was irregular, with here and there a boundary bank. Past the New-road there was a turnstile at the entrance of a meadow leading to a little old weather-beaten public-house, known as the Queen's Head and Artichoke, said to have been once kept by a gardener of Queen Elizabeth. A little beyond a nest of small houses was another turnstile, leading into fields which brought you to the Jews' Harp House, tavern and tea-gardens. In the tavern was a large upper ball-room and dining-room, with an outside staircase. At the south front of these premises stood a large semi-circular inclosure for tea and ale-drinkers, guarded by painted wooden soldiers between every box. In the centre of this opening were tables and seats for smokers. On the east end was a trap-ball ground, and on the west a tennis-court and a skittle-ground. Behind the tavern were small tenements and summer-houses, crowned by wooden cannon, and skirted by gardens.

A few more notes of the old Marylebone Gardens before we quit the subject.

In 1772, coaches were allowed to stand in the field at the back entrance, and Mr. Arnold was indicted at Bow-street for letting off dangerous fireworks. There was a grand entertainment this year on the king's birthday, June the 4th, 1772. The king and his queen were painted on transparencies surrounded by fireworks. When these were over, a curtain, which formed the base of a painted Mount *Ætna*, rose and discovered Vulcan and the Cyclops working. To them entered Venus, who begged them to make some arrows for her son. They agreed, and the mountain above instantly appeared in eruption, with lava rushing down the precipices.

In 1773, the gardens were opened for general admission only three evenings in the week. *Acis* and *Galatea* was performed, and *Signor Torre*, the firework-maker, a printseller in the Haymarket, was assisted by *Monsieur Caillot*, of *Ranelagh Gardens*. On September the 15th, *Doctor Arne* conducted a concert of his celebrated catches and glees. On the 16th there was a show of fireworks for the benefit of the waiters.

In 1774, the gardens opened on May the 20th. The principal singers were *Mr. Dubellany*, *Miss Wewitzer*, and *Miss Tre-*

lawn. The gardens were opened for Sunday promenade; admittance, sixpence. Subscription tickets of one pound eleven shillings and sixpence admitted two persons every evening. On Sunday evenings, tea, coffee, and *Ranelagh rolls* were provided for the guests.

The receipts of one evening, in 1774, amounted to ten pounds seven shillings and sixpence at the town gate, and eleven pounds seven shillings at the field gate. *Doctor Kenrick*, author of the *Duellist*, once delivered his lectures on Shakespeare at the *Burletta Theatre*, in the gardens. He recited passages of Shakespeare, particularly those relating to *Sir John Falstaff*, to crowded audiences, and with great success.

In 1776, the gardens opened on May the 11th with the *Forge of Vulcan*. In July, the boxes fronting the ball-room were fitted up to represent a *Paris boulevard*. There was a print-shop, a milliner's, a lottery-office, a hairdresser's, a fruiterer's, a ginger-bread shop; the proprietor of the last wearing a large bag-wig and dress ruffles. The newspaper of the time alludes to the ladies' head-dresses being as big as a bushel. The ball-room was hung with coloured lamps, and at one end of it women attended selling orgeat, lemonade, and other cooling liquors. The scene was intended to represent the *English Coffee House* at *Paris*. There was also a booth representing the booth of *Signor Nicola* at *Paris*, in which eight men exhibited a dance and a gymnastic performance called the *Egyptian Pyramids*. On the 16th the *Fantoccini* was shown; on June the 3rd, *Breslaw* exhibited his sleight-of-hand; on the 25th *Mrs. Smart* gave a ball, *Signor Rebecca* (well known for his productions at the *Pantheon*) painting some of the transparencies.

Two years after (in 1778), the population of *Marylebone* increasing, and the inhabitants constantly complaining to the magistrates of the danger of the fireworks, the gardens were finally suppressed, and the site was let to builders.

The *Earls of Oxford* kept their noble library of books and manuscripts in a mansion not far south of the old *Manor House*; it was afterwards partly rebuilt, and became a girl's school. The *Harleian Library* was commenced by that friend of *Pope* and *Swift*, *Robert Harley*, *Earl of Oxford*, *Lord High Treasurer* in *Queen Anne's* reign, and *Governor* of the *South Sea Company*.

On the accession of *George the First*,

Harley was impeached, but acquitted in 1717. He died at his house in Albemarle-street, in 1724. His son, Edward Harley, married the heiress of the Duke of Newcastle, and left his estates to his only child, afterwards Duchess of Portland.

The library, at the time of the death of Edward, Lord Harley, contained nearly eight thousand volumes of manuscripts, exclusive of loose papers, besides forty thousand original rolls, charters, grants, sign-manuals, &c.

The Harleian manuscripts were purchased by government for ten thousand pounds of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, as a supplement to the Cottonian, and placed in the British Museum. The books, comprising four hundred thousand pamphlets, two thousand works of theology, three thousand one hundred works of philosophy, &c., twenty thousand prints and drawings, and ten thousand portraits, were sold for thirteen thousand pounds to Thomas Osborne, a bookseller of Gray's Inn, whom Doctor Johnson once knocked down with a folio. The binding of only a part of these had cost eighteen thousand pounds.

The interior of the dilapidated old choir of the church of St. John the Evangelist, at Tyburn, is the wedding scene of Plate Five of Hogarth's inimitable *Rake's Progress*. The cracked table of commandments and the spider's web over the poor-box, are exquisite touches of satire. The complacent inscriptions in the picture were copied by Hogarth in 1735. The blundering lines marking the vault of the Forset family are still preserved with great care, the letters raised in wood on panel being placed in front of a pew facing the altar. The two first lines are original, the others were renewed in 1816. The vault is now used by the Portland family. The lines that Hogarth's keen eyes searched out run thus:

These pews unscrewed and ta'en in sunder
In stone ther's graven what is under,
To wit a vault for burial there is
Which Edward Forset made for him and his.

The new church, opened in 1742, is an oblong brick building, with a small bell-tower at the west end. It has three galleries, and contains several of the monuments of the older church. In 1818 it was converted into the parish chapel.

The Marylebone workhouse was erected in 1775. The building was designed gratuitously by John White, Esq., the Duke of Portland's architect, the designer hav-

ing implicit belief in the advantages of such establishments. He died in 1813, fully satisfied, however, that such congregations of poor were mischievous. In 1793, Lieutenant M'Culloch died in this workhouse. This unlucky man planned the reduction of Quebec, in the way successfully attempted by General Wolfe, after the failure of a plan of his own at Montmorency. He was also the means of capturing the *Félicité*, a French man-of-war; his grateful country allowed him to remain a lieutenant of marines, and die in a workhouse.

Marylebone Church contains a tablet to the memory of James Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the Radcliffe Library. The sturdy Aberdeen man's name is indissolubly associated with the dark ages of architecture. There is also a tablet, cut by Banks, to Mark Anthony Josefe Barretti, the son of a Turin architect, who died in 1789. He came to London as an Italian master, and became acquainted with Doctor Johnson. In 1769, being jostled by some one in the Haymarket, he stabbed one of his supposed assailants in his fear and excitement. On the founding of the Royal Academy, Barretti became their foreign secretary, and about the same time was pensioned by the crown. Barretti compiled an Italian dictionary, defended Italian writers against Voltaire, and Italian manners against Sharpe. He was buried in the cemetery on the north side of Paddington-street, and was followed to his grave by Sir William Chambers and several members of the Academy. His letters (including several from Doctor Johnson) were burnt by his executors.

The tablet to Caroline Watson, an engraver, who died in 1814, was inscribed with some vapid lines by Cowper's friend, Hayley. The two last lines are decidedly the best:

God gave thee gifts, such as to few may fall,
Thy heart to Him who gave devoted all.

In the churchyard adjoining the church is a monument to James Ferguson, the self-taught astronomer, and his wife and eldest son. This singular genius, who died at his house in Bolt-court, in 1776, was originally a farmer's servant at Banff. He came to London in 1743, and delivered lectures on the orrery, in his lodgings in Great Salisbury-street, living, in the mean time, by painting Indian-ink portraits for half a guinea. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, and was allowed fifty pounds a year out of the king's privy purse. His public rewards were not great.

The parish registers record the following interments :

James Figg, the prize-fighter (died in 1734). Hogarth has introduced him twice into his pictures, once in the second plate of the *Rake's Progress*, and again in Southwark Fair, where the redoubtable bullet-headed man sits, stark and gaunt on horseback, sword-in-hand, a true "Figg for the Irish."

John Vanderbank, a careless and extravagant portrait-painter, in the reigns of George the First and George the Second, who died in 1739, in the prime of life, of a consumption. He must have been of Dutch extraction. "A bold free pencil," says Vertue, and "masterly drawing." He illustrated Lord Carteret's edition of Don Quixote. Vandergucht engraved his drawings. Hogarth's designs for the same work were paid for, but rejected, though, also, finally engraved.

Archibald Bower, born at or near Dundee, in 1686. He became a Jesuit, but finally fled from Italy, as he said, to avoid the Inquisition. In 1726, he came to London, conformed to the Church of England, wrote a History of the Popes and a Universal History for the booksellers, and took pupils. When three volumes of the Popes had come out, it was discovered that Bower had again become a Jesuit. He died in 1766, with these charges against his honesty still unexplained.

Edmund Hoyle, the lawgiver of whist. He died in 1760, aged ninety, no sufferer from late hours, or the anxieties of the intellectual game which he had so well studied.

John Michael Rysbrach, who died in 1770. He was the son of a landscape painter at Antwerp, who came to London in 1720, and was farmed by Gibbs, the architect, who contracted for public monuments. Rysbrach executed the monument of Newton and that of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, also the bronze King William at Bristol, for which he received one thousand eight hundred pounds. His best busts were those of Pope, Gibbs, Sir Robert Walpole, and the Duchess of Marlborough. Thrown into the shade by Scheemacher and Kent's Shakespeare, in Westminster Abbey, Rysbrach produced a Hercules, the arms of which were from Broughton, the breast from a pugilist coachman, and the legs from Ellis, the painter. It is now at Stourhead. Rysbrach lived in High-street, Marylebone, and died in humble circumstances.

William Guthrie, who died in 1770, and

was buried on the south side of Paddington-street. He was originally, Churchill says, a Scotch schoolmaster. He compiled histories for the booksellers, lent his name to a geographical grammar, and, succeeding Doctor Johnson as parliamentary reporter to Cave's Gentleman's Magazine, defended the Broad Bottom ministry. There is also a record here of Allan Ramsay, the fashionable portrait-painter to King George, and son of the Edinburgh barber, author of the Gentle Shepherd, the best modern Scotch pastoral. Ramsay wrote a pamphlet on the Elizabeth Canning case. He died in 1784.

John Dominick Serres, a marine painter of eminence, who died 1793, was also buried here.

The register of baptisms contains the following entry: 1803, May 13th, Horatia Nelson Thompson, born 29th October, 1800. This is said to be Nelson's daughter by that mischievous syren, the ex-housemaid and painter's model, Lady Hamilton.

There are two large cemeteries attached to this church, one on the south side of Paddington-street, consecrated in 1733, the other on the north, consecrated in 1772. It is computed that more than eighty thousand persons have been interred in one of these cemeteries alone. In the southern cemetery is interred the father of George Canning. The stone and its inscription (dated 1777) are fast mouldering into dust.

The old church becoming shamefully inadequate for the great district that had grown around it, Mr. Portman, in the year 1770, offered to give the parish a piece of ground on the north side of Paddington-street, three thousand pounds being forfeited if the church was not built. Sir William Chambers made a design for the building, which was rejected as too expensive, and the fine paid. The Duke of Portland, about the same time, offered five thousand pounds towards building a church on the site of Upper Harley-street, but this offer was also allowed to drop.

In 1807, when the population amounted to above seventy thousand, the outcries about the religious destitution of the parish grew more violent. There was no font for baptism, and no room to place dead bodies during the funeral service but on the pews. A common basin was used for baptisms, and the people waiting for christenings were kept standing among the corpses.

In 1813, the Treasury granted land for a new church on the south side of the new road, near Nottingham-place. It was originally intended for a chapel, but the vestry

changed its mind, as vestries have been sometimes known to do, and not always wisely.

The church was designed by Thomas Hardwick, a disciple of Sir William Chambers. The front is a miracle of bad taste; it is called Roman Corinthian, and the tower is a circular temple, crowned with a dome and loaded with caryatic angels. There are eight columns to support the portico, the pediment of which is imitated from a supposititious Pantheon. Above the central doorway is an empty panel, intended to have been adorned with a bas-relief of the entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, but the zeal of the vestry, exhausted by the eighty thousand pounds paid for the church, has never supplied this work of art. The interior is rich, and the Ionic pilastered altar-screen is adorned by a Holy Family, presented by West, that most trivial of all religious painters, and two galleries.

In the new church is buried John Hugh, eldest son of John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's handsome and sarcastic son-in-law, the well-known editor of the Quarterly. This clever little boy, the favourite grandson of Sir Walter, was the little historical student for whom Sir Walter wrote his delightful *Tales of my Grandfather*. "Whom the gods love die young." He was snatched away in his eleventh year.

Here, also, lies shrewd old Northcote, Reynolds's pupil. Shall we ever know whether his conversations, that Hazlitt took down, were printed by his own wish or not?

We will not attempt to venture into the great region of houses north of Oxford-street, but leave that for other opportunities. Sufficient to mention that the New-road, from Paddington to Islington, was cut in 1757, and that Cavendish-square was first planned and laid out in 1717. The whole of the north side was bought by the great Duke of Chandos, who had become enormously wealthy as paymaster to Marlborough's armies, in Queen Anne's time. The duke lost enormously by the South Sea Bubble, and the square remained unfinished for several years.

Portman-square was begun about 1764, and Manchester-square in 1776. Montague-square was building at the jubilee to celebrate the fiftieth year of George the Third's reign. It was built on a place called Ward's Field, near which stood a cluster of cottages, called Apple Village, at which

one of Mr. Steele's murderers resided. The Regent's Canal was begun in 1812, and opened 1820.

FLOWER FACTORIES.

WHERE do they all come from, those innumerable multitudes of plants, which we see everywhere, in-doors and out, in pots, in beds, in ribbon-borders, in windows, brackets, and jardinières, not one in a thousand of which leaves a lineal descendant to continue its race, in the shape of seedling, sucker, cutting, or offset? And if such be the case with plants which, like dogs, do have their day—which appear in public, gladdening the universal eye, and enjoying their allotted seasonal term—what must it be with the plants which disappear—which retire into private life and are heard of no more? Not one in a million of these would ever become a plante mère, a parent plant. How then is their place supplied? How many ladies per cent get their over-year's camellias to flower, or even to live? Do not countless window gardeners grow semi-aquatics in mould as dry as brickbats, while they drench tropical succulents with water? Do they not think to get geraniums through the winter in dark closets, musty cellars, freezing garrets, and dusty corners? Is any plant so hard to kill that amateurs cannot overcome its obstinacy? In large towns and cities, the waste of plants, as of infant life, must be enormous; and yet the supply never falls short. Where do they all come from?

On popping these questions to my practical friend Hortulus, who makes a considerable consumption of the article plant, he quietly answered, "I am going there next Tuesday, to fill up my vacancies. Come with me, and see." Going and seeing being one of my weaknesses, I accepted the invitation with a jump of joy. On the appointed morning, we took the branch of the Chemin de Fer du Nord which carries wayfarers into Belgium. The pleasant glide to Lille has been described. Inside Lille station, until the other day, a poster gruffly intimated, "No traveller, of whatever nationality, can pass the frontier into Belgium without a passport à l'étranger." My passport, an old campaigner, bearing a strong resemblance to the famous flag which has braved so long the battle and the breeze, bore old permissions to go to Switzerland and Italy, and more recently an authorisation to cross over to England.

England is à l'étranger. Let us try if that won't do.

Under this delightful system, at the last station before the frontier, as soon as the train stops, a gendarme gives the word of command at each carriage door, "Prepare your passports." Forthwith appears the commissaire of police, to examine these documents and their owners. I fancy he pays as much attention to the faces as to the papers. Mine seems to puzzle him by the multitude of its stamps, seals, and signatures. Spying in a residual corner the words, "Bon pour se rendre en Angleterre," he returns it, observing, "You are going to traverse la Belgique." A few minutes afterwards, I'm o'er the border and awa'. I have performed the feat of getting out of France into Belgium. How many hundreds of people in France would have been glad, not so long ago, to do the same! The triumph is chilled by the consideration, how am I to get back again? We'll think of that to-morrow morning. Sufficient for the day is the passport thereof.

From Lille to Ghent, or Gand, the same pastoral strain continues, with a new note introduced—patches of cultivated tobacco, which in France can only be grown under surveillance and restrictions which render its culture next to impossible. And the music becomes fuller, that is, the crops are heavier. You see enough to convey a clear notion of what is meant by "living on the fat of the land." Gand is noted for its "vigilantes," roomy hackney-coaches which convey you cheaply from the railway station to your hotel. You may use them all day long at the moderate rate of two francs per hour—no trifling convenience; because Gand, besides covering an extensive area, is one of the easiest cities in which *not* to find your way. It is a town of monotonously white-painted houses, every one of them with looking-glass spy-mirrors fixed outside at such angles as to catch the reflection of every coming or retreating passenger. Not a few of the windows attract your gaze with very respectable horticultural shows. But the streets themselves are neither crooked nor straight; they are warped to the right or to the left, in such gentle curves as to baffle the possessor of the most highly-developed organ of locality. You fix the points of the compass in your mind, and resolve to reach your goal with inflexible directness. This is easy enough to do in rectilinear-streeted and rectangular-cornered towns: but in Gand, with corners like wedges cut out of a cheese,

and with streets bulging this way and that, like a whalebone walking-stick under a fat man's pressure, while making for the north you find yourself tending to the west, or desiring to become a southerner, you discover that you are one of the wise men of the east. Your only guarantee for surety is a vigilante.

Hortulus proposes to do the little gardeners first. Of course I have only to follow my leader. We wend our way through Gand, vast and quiet; not idle and stagnant, but slow and steady in its motions like the water that slides through its own canals. On the way, I note the amusing resemblance with English of Flemish wall-bills and trade-names over doors. Twalf Kamer Strasse, Rue des Douze Chambres, Twelve Chamber Street. Zwem School, Ecole de Natation, Swimming School. They were to give a grand ball, a Grooten Bal, die zal beginnen om four and a half ure; the reader shall not be insulted by a translation of this invitation to dance by daylight. On the Boulevard, there is, in French and Flemish letters of iron, the *Defense de circuler avec Cheveaux, Voitures, et Brouettes*, on the foot-paths; *Verboden te Ryden*—'tis forbidden to ride—met *Peerden, Rytuigen, en Kruitvagens*—with horses, carriages, and wheelbarrows.

We further note, upon compulsion, that the frontiers created by language are more impassable than those devised by the rulers of men. In an inconspicuous lane, we enter an inconspicuous door, without name, sign, or other indication of its occupant and his pursuits, and discover within a little nursery whose speciality is azaleas and camellias. The nurseryman and his son are out, leaving the wife alone at home. Madame speaks neither French nor English, but Flemish only, which is Hebrew to us. Hortulus tries his French, in vain. I essay English, with a glimpse of hope, because all the naughty words are the same in English and Flemish; if you want to call a Fleming, man or woman, bad names, nothing is easier; but good words, it seems, do not enjoy the same privilege. I then try bad German, which I have occasionally found efficacious, just as people make themselves intelligible to babies by negro talk; but in this case it proves an utter failure. Madame then rattles out her Flemish louder than before, to make us understand it better, as if we were deaf; but the deafness is of the mind, and not of the ear. We are about to retire, when a hand-barrow

rumbles on the stones in the lane, and stops. She seizes us by the arms to retain us, vociferously shouting "Kommen, kommen, kommen!" or some similar sound. Immediately enter the father and son, simple workmen shod with sabots. The son alone, of these three, speaks French; and the intellectual mist clears up, as if the sun had burst through a London fog.

Neither of our friends has the slightest pretensions to be master gardeners, heads of houses, or chiefs of horticultural establishments. Themselves are the only labourers they employ; consequently, they are excellently well served. They make no secret either of their management or their manipulation. As to the former, the whole surface earth of their little plot of ground is annually thoroughly renewed with heath-mould. The latter is as simple as fiddle-playing, when you are used to it. As Paganini might have said, after executing his Carnival of Venice, "It's only that!" You have only to stick and fasten a little bit of this upon a little bit of the other, in such a way that it shall grow, and grow vigorously too, and the thing is done. Look! A cut or two with the knife, an opening of a cleft with a bit of blunt stick, and a binding up the wound with a ligament. That's all. If it were longer or more elaborate, how could we turn out our thousands of camellias and azaleas in the given time? There are only twelve months from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. To be sure, the operation is not everything. As bottles, after blowing, have to be annealed, in heat, in ovens, so these plants, after grafting, must be étouffées or stifled, under glass and in green-houses, in an atmosphere constantly maintained in certain thermometrical and, above all, hygrometrical conditions. But all that, like the grafting, is mere A B C, when you have been in the way of it for years.

Hortulus has long known all these details, but I have not; so he kindly gives me time to inquire. On what are the finer kinds of flowering plants grafted? Well; that depends. When the seed of some one species of certain genera is easily procured, young plants are raised from it as *sauvageons*, wildings, on which to graft scions of their more ornamental brethren. Thus, the common evergreen *spurge-laurel*, *Daphne laureola*, serves largely as a stock for the choicer and rarer species and varieties of *Daphne*. You see the seedlings in rows, established in little pots, ready to receive the slips intended to metamorphose their

individuality. Young *acacia* plants perform a similar duty; so do those of the common *laburnum*. But they are not the speciality of this particular factory of flowering plants.

Cuttings of the single-flowered *camellia* are struck to furnish stocks for grafting the innumerable double-flowered varieties. Cuttings of the double kinds *will* strike not unfrequently, and with care; but they make less thrifty and handsome plants than those established on the wilding stock—for such the single *camellia* may be assumed to be. They are also longer in becoming fit for market; which is all-important in a commercial point of view. After striking root, the *camellia* cuttings are potted off, to harden—such little infantile, baby-like things! Can it be possible to put a graft on such a straw-like stem as that? The question is answered by a practical affirmative. Here are some, with stems no bigger, on which a fresh graft is putting forth young leaves.

Double *camellias* are beautiful flowers, and the season when they come renders them so welcome; but I have a weakness for the single *camellia*, because years ago I saw in the royal gardens of Caserta, near Naples—may it still be continuing to flourish there—a big old bush of that species—not a tree with a stem, but a regular bush—covered with hundreds, probably thousands, of scarlet flowers. The ground around it was carpeted with red. By the way, even the fallen flowers of the single *camellia* render good service to bouquet-makers. They last, mounted, without fading, several days.

I do not want a photograph of that *camellia* bush; I have it fixed in my mind's eye, in its natural colours; but I was glad to seize the opportunity of possessing one, perhaps, of its progeny by extension. Could I have one of those little youngling plants, to keep as it is, without any grafting?

"Assuredly."

"But when will it flower?"

"Possibly in two or three years."

"Ah! I can't afford to wait two years. Have you not one that will flower next year?"

"Take this, a well-shaped pretty plant."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five centimes; twopence half-penny."

"Have you another that will make the pair?"

"This looks as if it would match it very

well, if you will take the trouble to train them alike."

"Thank you much."

I get (note that, owing to Hortulus's presence, I am treated as a wholesale customer) my couple of single camellias for fivepence sterling, plus of course my share of the package and the railway carriage home.

Indian azaleas are treated much in the same way, except that, after the graft has taken, they are planted without pots in the open ground, to be potted at the approach of autumn. The young azaleas are thus raised in rows; dutiful pupils (*élèves* they call them), who never break the ranks, nor play truant, nor disobey orders. And it is curious to see choice flowering plants considered as mere merchandise, manufactured by grafting and pricked out like cabbage plants, vegetable live-stock bred and propagated for popular consumption. Patient as little lambs do the rooted azalea cuttings wait their turn, ready to receive their graft—the training which is to fit them for their future course of life.

These small special nurseries are good to visit, because they show how certain plants (which we only see in their advanced and flowering state, in shops, greenhouses, and exhibitions) are brought up from their earliest infancy. They also disclose the life-routine of a very worthy class of persons, who rarely work isolated or alone, but in small family associations or partnerships, such as father and son or sons, two or three brothers, brothers and sisters, mother and children. The month of August is the time when they expect their customers' visits, and for these they prepare during the whole previous twelvemonth. Needless to say that ready money is very acceptable, and exerts considerable influence on the terms of a bargain. For most things, the time of delivery is early autumn, when the camellia and azalea buds are well set and apparent. Speaking French, as most of them do, as a foreign language—for few visitors can answer "Yes" to their eager question, "Do you speak Flemish?"—their conversation has often a certain quaintness.

Some of these humbler horticultural establishments have their approaches and entrances so undiscernible, that you would say they intended to baffle rather than invite the intrusion of strangers. "It must be somewhere here," says Hortulus. "Last year I had difficulty in finding it, and I am not sure that I can find it now." On search-

ing close, we discover a sort of hole-in-the-wall or open sesame trap-door, defying all but the initiated to discover and open it. We enter and begin business with the usual routine salutation.

"Cela va bien?"

"Oui, je vous remercie; comme ça. Et vous?"

"Pas mal. Comme vous voyez. Have you got anything new this year?"

"Not much. Comme ça. Azaleas frozen in spring, comme ça. Plenty of standard laurustinus, comme ça, if you want them. Standard sweet bays, comme ça, the biggest of them gone to Russia. Never have enough of them for Russia, comme ça. Variegated-leaved plants, comme ça, the fashion; obliged to grow them, comme ça, but won't last, comme ça."

"And this new-old thing?" asks Hortulus, looking at me. It was a George the Third pelargonium, a bric-à-brac plant, harmonising with perukes, pigtales, chintz gowns, and silk socks that will stand alone without any wearer inside to support them.

"Pelargonium tricolor, comme ça. You like it, comme ça. Have only seven plants, comme ça; must keep one, comme ça. You can take the other six, comme ça, at fifty centimes apiece, comme ça."

Another clever individual, who has been a botanical collector in his day, and knows what tropical forests are, instructs us, and at the same time amuses us by pronouncing all the mute *e*'s in his French.

"Douce^{ment}, douce^{ment}; gently over the stones. If you go so fast you won't see all the pretty things I want to show you. Here is a new fraxinelle, another species, not variety, of Dittany of Crete. I have it quite nouve^llement. Like the other, the vapour round it will catch fire on a warm summer's evening. I often do it for my amuse^{ment}. Those other novelties are only rubbish; they are tout bon^{né}ment, good for nothing at all. That's a nice elephant's foot (*Tamus* or *Testudinaria elephantipes*); but I am expecting some smaller and cheaper ones. You know they get them, like the zamias, by setting fire to the forests. That squat euphorbia, a green candelabra stuck on the top of a peg-top, is at least a hundred and fifty years old. I could let you have it for fifty francs, which makes it cost only threepence a year. But ré^{el}lement I don't care to part with it. As I brought it home myself, and have taken great care of it ever since, I am fond of it, très nature^llement."

Some pot or tub plants, like carriage horses, go in pairs; and the better the match, the higher the price and the greater unwillingness to separate them. Indeed, the seller will never part them; the buyer may do as he pleases, pocketing the loss and prepared for the diminished value of the divided companions. To be perfect pairs, plants must be reared as such from their earliest infancy. Like twin children, they are dressed in the same fashion, fed with the same food, washed with the same water, have their hair and nails cut on the same day and in the same degree, and are sent out of doors and put to bed at the same hour. Many pair plants have an almost indefinite term of existence—myrtles, sweet bays, cycases, dracenas, yuccas, agaves, bonaparteas, cactuses, euphorbias, tree and other ferns, laurustinuses trained with a head and a stem. Consequently, the process is long, occupying years, sometimes lifetimes. The small horticulturists, with patient labour, devote daily attention to this class of nurslings, and assiduously train them in the way they should grow.

Unmatched plants belonging to this category are comparatively cheap, being sometimes to be had for half what they would fetch if paired. Their owners well know the difficulty of providing them with a mate endowed with the required compatibility of disposition. This repetition of forms in ornamental plants is called for by the architectural requirements of terraces, galleries, and greenhouses, which must have vegetable decorations, like statues and vases, alike though not exactly the same. Some positions, however, are not symmetrical, and are content with *one* attractive botanical specimen. Hortulus wants one *Araucaria excelsa*, to make the central figure in a group. We find a beauty in a large establishment, cheap, because single. It was either taller or shorter than the rest of its carefully coupled sisterhood; and it stood in the ranks, commanding admiration, for sale, like an unveiled beauty in an Oriental slave market. It is ours at once; entered on our list of acquisitions at the price demanded.

But there are slips between cups and lips. Next morning comes a billet-doux from the very regretful horticulteur. "Exceedingly sorry, but my brother had sold in the morning the *araucaria* you chose in the afternoon, without my knowing it. If you leave it to me, I will select another."

No you won't. We smell a Gantois

trick. The get-off may be bosh, or it may not. Has your brother, perchance, found up for his plant an unsuspected partner on the premises? Without vouchsafing an answer, we go elsewhere. Soon after our entry, without receiving a hint, the proprietor points to a pyramidal tuft of green.

"Those are my unmatched *araucarias*. What I am to do with them, I don't know. I would let you have that fine fellow for five-and-twenty francs; and really it is——"

"Bon! Done! We'll relieve you of that difficulty."

They say that few women marry the man they love. Few gardeners cultivate the plants they like; they are obliged to conform to horticulture de convenance, as their fair customers are compelled to make mariages de convenance. The more outspoken amongst the fraternity avow the constraint put upon their affections.

"Is it not assomant, when one really loves good plants, to be obliged to work from morning till night at producing such heaps of rubbish as this," giving the pots a contemptuous kick, "bedding-out stuff by the train-load and the milliard? One gets sick of the very sight of all these zonals, nose-gays, *irisenens*, *perillas*, and the rest of the lot. It is for ever and ever the same *balançoire*, the same *boutique*, the same *pacotille*. Now and then a good new thing, or a good old thing renewed, comes in to vary our monotonous diet; but it soon either disappears, or becomes itself one of the monotonies. But we must live; so we are everlastingly making materials for rubans and *massifs*. I have a few nice things here, which I keep more for myself than the public," coaxing their leaves tenderly with the tips of his fingers; "they take at least four years to come to this; and then if I try to sell them for a franc and a half each, people scream out and call it dear. You may well call my *heliotrope* bushes ugly, with their crooked rough stems and their shabby straggling heads; but they have helped to make the pot boil for many a year. I sell the flowers wholesale to the bouquet-makers, and in winter they fetch remunerative prices. Ah! If I were only rich, I would still continue to be horticulteur; but then I would grow the plants that pleased me and not be the slave of such *cochonnerie* as this."

Another contemptuous kick at the offending bedders-out concludes the harangue. We retire, leaving the giant nurseries for another day.

Our horticultural acquisitions made, we look out for things to offer to our belongings at home. We buy gingerbread, mother-o'-pearl studs, pocket handkerchiefs, cocoa-nut thimble-cases. Hortulus, who is blessed with a jealous scolding wife, makes a point in front of a sewing-machine shop, and gravely says, "There are two things I ought to take back; a padlock and a sewing-machine."

"What can you possibly want a sewing-machine for?"

"To sew up my wife's mouth when she is in her tantrums."

Were I to tell this on our return, what a sharp and shrill riot there would be! But madame, shrewd as she is, cannot read English, so there is no harm done by printing it.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

CHAPTER XLI. THE LAST TROUBLE.

THE rain ceased early next morning, and the day proved as lovely a day as ever midsummer brought to the world. As May walked down the garden the roses that brushed her gown were all fresh and laden with dew. Birds were singing blithely, the sun shining goldenly, the world was beautiful, and seemed to call on human nature to rejoice; yet the shadow of a great crime was lying upon it, and the black charred trees away to westward were the witnesses that bore testimony to its reality. May was going to the inquest. Could it be that God had willed that she should never more be glad while she lived in this beautiful world. This was a wicked and horrible fear that arose in her mind as she breathed the happy air, and felt her youth leaping within her; but she banished it on the instant.

Aunt Martha could not understand why May should want to be present at such a very painful scene.

"It is every way unseemly," she said; "Paul, do not let her go."

But May said, "Give me my own way. I have a reason, which I shall tell you by-and-bye."

Of all that might have to be told she did not dare to think.

As May and Paul walked across the fields between the blooming dykes and singing hedges they were overtaken by Sir John Archbold and his daughter, who were riding to make part of a crowd which was

assembling at the farmer's house. Katherine bowed haughtily; Sir John was more courteous, yet there was something in his manner which gave Paul to understand that here was no all-trusting friend. Paul let the riders pass, and walked on with his head high. Many people had assembled at the barn. There were two other magistrates besides Sir John Archbold, who were come from a distance, full of curiosity about Paul Finiston and his story, and who had quite made up their minds as to the likelihood of his guilt. The whole history of the family, as they knew it, was a romance, and this murder made the culminating incident of the tale. For an excitable and whimsical young man, come of a bad race, tried beyond endurance by one so intolerable as the miser, nothing could be more natural than that he should end a violent quarrel by a crime like this. They pitied him a good deal, and hoped that at his trial the jury who should find him guilty would also recommend him to mercy. As to May, they simply wondered and could guess nothing.

The people divided and stood back respectfully to let her pass, and the women began to weep when they looked in her face.

"She niver had act nor part in it," said one; "I wouldn't believe it if her han's was covered wid blood."

"Whisht, whisht," said another, "sure the angels is takin' care o' her."

They stood together within the doorway with all eyes fixed on them; looking grave but fearless, so that their accusers found themselves silent and ashamed. Katherine had not dismounted from her horse, but was only a few yards distant from them, and could have touched them with her whip. All the way as she rode down from Camlough the thought had been present to her mind that it was she who must save these lovers, and bestow on them perfect joy; must give them each other, an unsullied name, the world's sympathy, and boundless wealth. She had thought she would try and do it, after she had first seen their pain, beheld them crushed and terrified, and humbled to the dust; but here she saw no terror nor any anguish of shame. They faced their fellow-creatures serene, and almost happy. From time to time they looked in each other's eyes; and Katherine shut her lips, and the day's business began.

Witness after witness came up and told his story. It appeared from the evidence that one of Simon's well-known pistols was

missing, and it was believed that with this weapon the murder had been done. Paul was about to be questioned, when Sir John took him aside and spoke to him.

"Finiston!" he said, "I am deeply sorry for you. Things are telling very plainly against you in this matter. I must say I perceive that you are now acting and speaking like a reasonable man, but quite lately I saw you otherwise. Take my advice and plead insanity."

"I will plead nothing but the truth," said Paul; "and on the night of the murder I was in possession of all my senses."

Sir John was puzzled, and said no more, believing that Paul had committed the crime while his mind was astray, and that the shock of all its consequences had restored him to his senses. Paul was now allowed to tell his story. He gave a sketch of his whole life, confessing his horror of the miser, and of the curse which was attached to the family inheritance. He had felt an especial dread of being driven to commit that crime with which he stood charged to-day. He had struggled against the feeling, which was simply a nervous horror, had despised it, and wondered at its hold upon his mind. In the early part of the last six months a fitful gloom had taken possession of him, and since then he had suffered from a mysterious disorder of the mind, which deprived him of his memory and deadened all his faculties. From this affliction he had been set free in a strange and sudden manner, and he did not attempt to account for either the disorder or the cure. Had the crime been committed while he was in a state which rendered him not accountable for his acts, then would he not have presumed to declare that he was innocent of the deed. Of much that had happened to him during the months lately past, of much that he had said and done, he was utterly forgetful; but on the night of Simon's murder he had been in possession of his reason. He described his waking in Miss Martha's parlour; his going out to walk and to think over matters which pressed into his mind, his first sight of the woods on fire, and meeting with May, who told him about the murder. He was listened to attentively; but his story sounded improbable, and he knew it.

When May's turn came she spoke up bravely, feeling as if Paul's credit depended on her courage. She was obliged to confess the reason of her anxiety when she found that he had left the house; and

the terror that had urged her to follow him to Tobereevil in the night. She described her finding the murdered man, and her swoon on the floor of the blood-stained chamber, her amazement at the fire, and entire satisfaction when she met Paul coming to look for her in perfect possession of his senses. "And I know that he did not do it," she said, "and that the murderer will be found." There was deep pity for her in every face, but her story told terribly against Paul.

Sir John bore witness to the young man's strange state while staying at his house. Two days ago he should have described him as a person utterly unaccountable for his actions. Katherine was also called upon to give evidence, and looked white and sullen, as she made her statement. One might have supposed from her face that she was the person who had been accused of the murder, as she glanced towards May and Paul, who stood together, neither stricken nor overwhelmed, but only grave and very quiet, as if they waited breathlessly for the word of truth that should turn their sorrow into joy. She was not going to speak it for them. Let things take their course! She stated that Paul had been an insane man during the whole time of his visit at Camlough, and that he had left that place strangely, on the night of the entertainment. All evidence having been taken, the coroner addressed the jury. He spoke pityingly of the young man who had been afflicted as described by so many witnesses, but it was plain that he had no doubt as to Paul's having committed the crime. The jury were quite of his way of thinking; men who had suffered bitterly under the dead man's rule, and believed nothing could be more natural than the impulse that should lead a man to shoot such a wretch when provoked, in the heat of quarrel. Nevertheless, they considered the matter for fully half an hour, during which time May sat on a heap of straw, gazing out of the barn, past the people, with still that steadfast expectant look in her eye which had scarcely left it since this sore trouble began. Paul stood beside her with folded arms, looking destruction in the face, like a brave but condemned soldier waiting the signal that shall send his comrade's bullet through his heart.

The crowd had been very quiet within and without the barn, but suddenly there was a movement, and Katherine, who was on horseback, uttered a cry, and reeled in her saddle as if she would fall. Some men

were approaching, followed by a little crowd of women and children. The men carried a bier! As the procession came nearer and crossed the fields, it was seen that a cart followed the bier, and that somebody was lying on the cart. There was great excitement immediately; people ran out to meet the unexpected new-comers, and a little storm of cries and groans arose upon the air when the two crowds met and explanations had been made. Then there was a great tumult in the barn, so that when the jurors appeared to give their verdict they were not attended to, and the words "wilful murder against Paul Finiston" were only heard by a few. As the words were spoken the crowd burst up to the door of the barn, swayed, divided, and fell back, and the bier which the men had carried was laid on the floor; bearing the wounded body of Con the fool.

"My God, another!" said the coroner, and the noise of the crowd ceased, and the silence of horror fell upon the place. Two or three women broke out crying and were hustled away into a corner; while all eyes were turned to the door again as the cart stood before it, and another surprise was expected. The men were lifting some one out of the cart—a living body, wrapped in blankets—and this they also carried into the barn and placed on a heap of straw. Bid was beside them, and directed them where to lay their burden; and, when the creature who had been thus carried was placed lying in the straw, there was seen the weird and ugly face of Tibbie, the miser's housekeeper, pinched and drawn with agony, and wet with the dew of approaching death. She opened her dim eyes and gazed around her, then closed them again and groaned dismally.

"Aisy, woman, aisy!" said Bid, soothingly, as she settled her head more comfortably in the straw. "Don't be unpationate. Spake up like a Christian an' the pain'll soon be done."

Then Bid turned to Paul: "Would yer honor step to wan side a little bit?" she said, curtsying with deep respect, "so as how Tibbie don't see you where you stan'."

Paul moved away, and then the deep, breathless silence of expectation reigned in the barn.

"What does all this mean?" asked the coroner, looking from one to another of the new-comers. A stout man from a distant part of the mountains answered him.

"It's wan Tibbie—this poor woman ye

see, sir, that has to make some kind o' a statement afore she goes. This other ould woman, Bid the thraveller, yer honor—a decent sowl—she foun' Tibbie lying her lone upon the mountain, an' the body o' this poor fool-boy at her side. So we brought them all down here, yer honor, for there's a long story to tell."

"The statement had better be made," said the coroner, "for the woman has not many hours to live."

A groan from Tibbie followed his words. "I will not die bad," she whispered—"I will not go to the divil. He niver did nothin' for me, an' I won't stan' to him now. I always said I would turn to good in the latter end."

Then she began her confession. It was rambling and disjointed, and spoken between gasps and moans, while Bid supported her head and comforted her with little words of sympathy as she went on. By dint of patience and questioning, her story was at last clearly put upon paper.

On the evening before the discovery of the murder she had heard a noise in her master's sitting-room, and reached the door just in time to hear the report of fire-arms, and to see Con the fool rush past her flourishing one of her master's pistols in his hand. He fled shrieking out of the open hall-door. Finding her master dead, she became terrified lest people should think that she had done the deed, and fled after Con, hoping to overtake him and hide him with herself in some of the caves in the hills. After long toiling and running she came upon him in the mountains, dancing and singing as he went along, and waving the pistol above his head. As soon as he saw her he uttered a cry and dashed on without looking where he was going. Following as well as she was able she saw him suddenly disappear over a ridge of cliffs, and when she came up to these and looked down a steep precipice she beheld him lying, as he now lay, on the grass far beneath her. She made her way to his side, and remained there till the lady from Camlough found her. "Her that has the fine goold hair," said Tibbie, "an' give me the mandhrake." The lady found her first and talked to her, but she frightened her away. Afterwards Bid came to her, and then she was very ill and glad enough to be looked after. The running had been too much for her; and then the rain, she thought, had killed her. Cramps had got hold of her and a terrible illness. She had sworn to Bid to

tell the truth if she would promise to get Con decently buried.

When Katherine was mentioned, all eyes were turned on the proud lady who had known somewhat of all this and had been silent. Katherine's face was not pleasant to look at, but she sat calmly on her horse without wincing.

After this the Kearneys made their appearance and told of the fool's grief at parting with them, and his rage at the miser when the people were turned from their houses. Next came the little girl who had given him a drink out of her pail, and had been terrified at his fit of frenzy when she told him that Simon had sent Nan out of the country. Many tears were shed for Con as these simple facts were stated; for the poor loving fool who had been so harmless and so kind. When all had at last been told the sick woman was carried to a neighbouring cabin, and the jury put their heads together and returned another verdict.

Then there broke out a buzz of joyous excitement in the barn. The magistrates and the coroner stepped forward to shake Paul by the hand. Farmers and mountaineers, cotters and labourers, cheered him, and looked in his face, half laughing and half sobbing. The women wept wildly and struggled to kiss his hand. As their suffering had been deep, while forced to believe him guilty, just so was their joy extravagant at being able to make him a hero. He was their master, their landlord—the man who had banished the curse for ever from their land, and who was now going to rule over them in peace and kindness.

May had laid her head against some friendly sheaves of straw, and was not seen or heard of till the first tumult had subsided. Then she whispered to Paul, "Let me rest a little;" and Paul and the farmer's wife carried her into the farmhouse, where she lay on a homely bed in a little shaded bedroom and rested perfectly, knowing that now her troubles were at an end. Afterwards, when the crowd had gone, Paul and she walked home together.

No one had congratulated Paul more heartily than Sir John Archbold. He now remembered that the young man was a millionaire, and that he had looked upon him as his future son-in-law. He would fain have viewed him again in that light, but

did not quite see how that might be, since he had heard May spoken of as his promised wife. Katherine only could enlighten him as to this mystery.

"My dear," he said to her, "you are, no doubt, delighted to find our friend so fully acquitted. We may now look on him with favour. It remains for you to tell me—shall I ask him to come to Camlough?"

"No," said Katherine, angrily, and rode on with her dark face turned away from the people.

Sir John insisted on stopping at Monasterlea to announce to Miss Martha the happy acquittal of Paul. Much against his daughter's wish he reined in at the gate, and the old lady came fluttering down the garden-path, in her cap-ribbons, to meet him.

"Well, madam!" he said, "this day has ended better than it began. I suppose you have heard that the mystery is cleared up, and the young man acquitted."

Miss Martha started; but she was a little in awe of Sir John and did not like to question him. She concluded that she had misunderstood him, and answered:

"Ah, I am sorry for the poor fool, but God has great mercy for such as he."

Sir John thought she took the matter coolly, but that was not his affair.

Miss Martha could not let these friends pass her door without inviting them to partake of some refreshment. Sir John agreed readily to her wishes in this respect, but Katherine sullenly declined the proffered kindness.

"Well then, my dear," said Sir John, "I must allow you to wait for me where you are, for I feel utterly famished, and we are a long way from home;" and he followed Miss Martha, and left Katherine sitting disconsolate on her horse near the gate. She was very angry at this treatment; but her father had lately shown her that if she would have her will on all occasions so also would he. So she had to wait under the shelter of a bush of honeysuckle, and her reflections were not pleasant as she did so.

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